

South Street Presbyterian Church,
Morristown, N. J.



Her Little Boy

Always a little boy to her.

No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands
She's deaf to his manly ^{son's} grasp.

His voice is the same as the day he
"What makes the old cat purr?" asked
"Ever glad he's just ~~the~~ ^{her} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~boy~~ ^{boy} to her.

Always a little boy to her.

She feeds not the lines of care,

That furrows his face. To her it is still
As it was in his boy hood, fair!

His hopes & his joys are as clear to her

As they were in his small-boy days.

He never changes to her her style.

My little boy she says.

Always a little boy to her

The endless march of the years
Goes rapidly by. but it's drumbeats die
Are ever they reach her ears

The smile that she sees is the smile of

The wrinkles are dimples of joy & both

And to her he is never the man we see

But - always her little boy.

